

The First Anniversarie.

A N
ANATOMIE
of the World.

Wherein,

B Y O C C A S I O N O F
the vntimely death of Mistris

E L I Z A B E T H D R V R Y,
the frailtie and the decay of
this whole World is
represented.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *A. Mathewes* for *Tho: Dewe*, and are
to be sold at his shop in *Saint Dunstons Church-*
yard in Fleetstreete. 1621.





TO THE PRAISE
of the Dead, and the
ANATOMY.

VV *Ell dy'de the World, that
we might liue to see
This World of wit, in his Ana-
tomee:*

*No euill wants his good: so wil-
der heyres;
Bedew their Fathers Toombs, with
forced teares,*

A 3

Whose

To the praise of the Dead,

Whose state requites their losse:
whiles thus we gaine
Well may we walke in blacks, but
not complaine,
Yet how can I consent the world is
dead
While this Muse lines? which in his
spirits stead
Seemes to informe a world: and
bids it bee,
In spight of losse, or fraile mortali-
tee?
And thou the subiect of this wel-
borne thought,
Thrise noble Maid; couldst not haue
found nor sought
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad
Fate,
Then whiles this spirit lines; that
can relate
Thy worth so well to our last Ne-
phews Eyne,

That

and the Anatomie.

*That they shall wonder both at his,
and thine :*

*Admired match ! where strives in
mutuall grace*

*The cunning Pencill, and the come-
ly face :*

*A taske, which thy faire goodnesse
made too much*

*For the bold pride of vulgar pens
to tuck ;*

*Enough is vs to praise them that
praise thee,*

*And say that but enough those pray-
ses bee,*

*Which had'st thou liu'd , had hid
their fearefull head*

*From th'angry checkings of thy
modestred :*

*Death bars reward & shame : when
enuy's gone,*

*And gaine ; 'tis safe to giue the dead
their owne.*

To the praise of the Dead,

*As then the wise Egyptians wont
to lay
More on their Tombes, then houses:
these of clay,
But those of brasse, or marble were;
so wee
Giue more vnto thy Ghost, then
vnto thee.
Yet what wee giue to thee, thou
gauest to vs,
And maiest but thanke thy selfe,
for being thus:
Yet what thou gau'st, and wert, O
happy maid,
Thy grace profest all due, were'tis
repayd.
So these high songs that to thee sui-
ted bine,
Serue but to sound thy makers
praise, in thine,
Which thy deare soule as sweetly
sings to him*

Amid

To the praise of the Dead,

Amid the Quire of Saints and Seraphim,

As any Angels tongue can sing of thee;

The subjects differ, tho the skill agree:

For as by infant-yeares men iudge of age,

Thy early loue, thy vertues, did presage

What hie part thou bear'st in those best songs

Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.

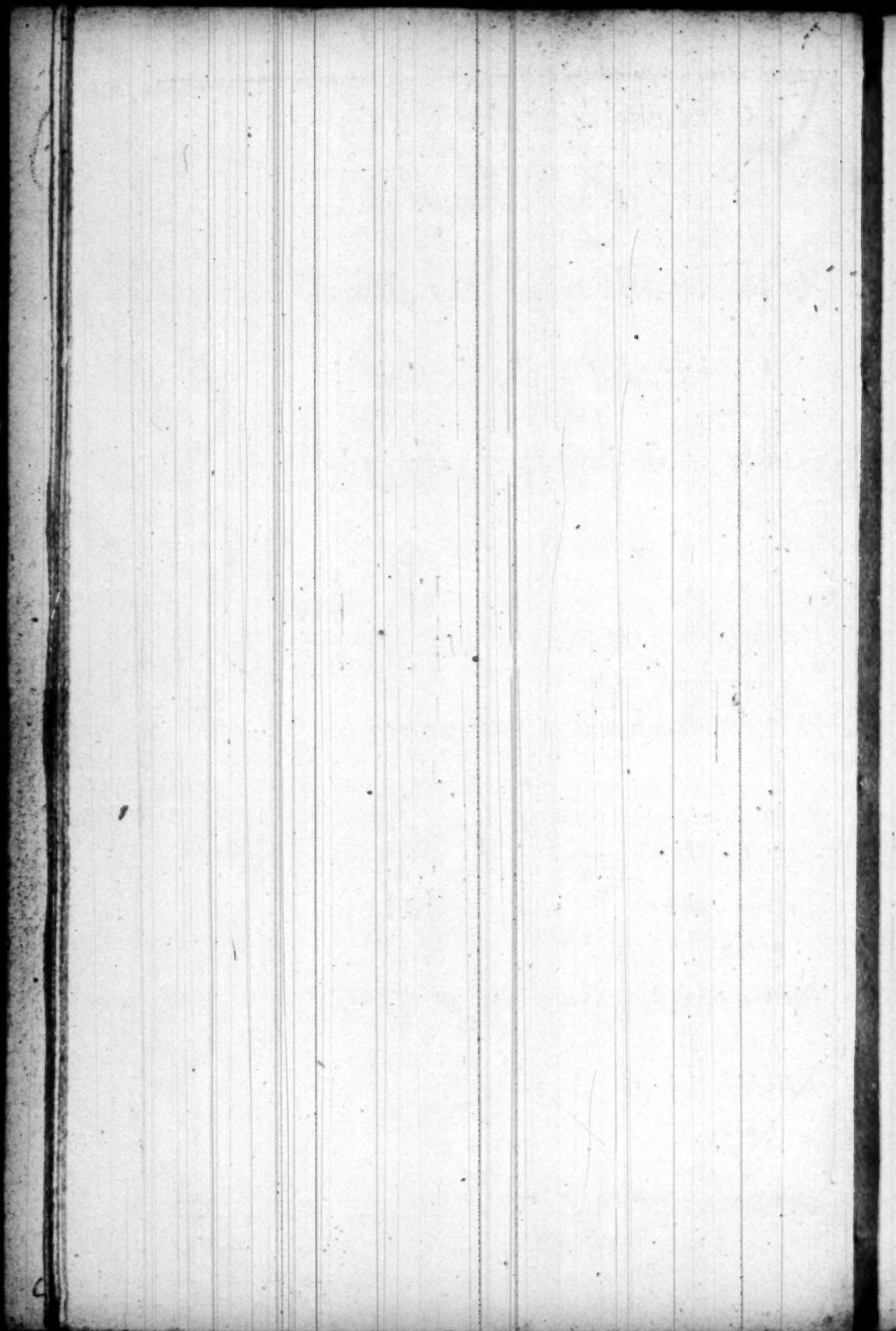
Sing on thou Virgin soule, whose lossefull gaine

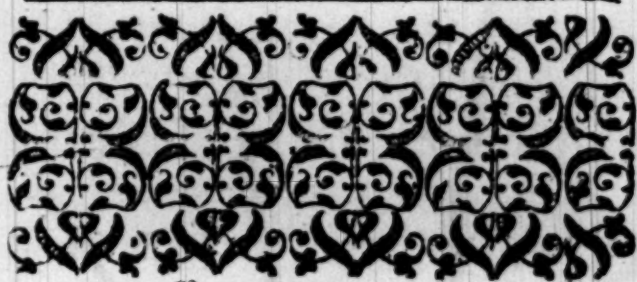
Thy Loue-sicke Parents haue bewail'd in vaine;

Neuer may thy Name be in our songs forgot.

Till we shall sing thy ditty, and thy note.

The





The First Anniuersary.

A N
A N A T O M Y
of the World.

Whē that rich soule which
to her heauen is gone,
Whom all doe celebrate, who
know they haue one
(For who is sure he hath a soule,
vnlesse

*The entrie
into the
vvorke.*

It

An Anatomy of the world

It see, and Iudge, and follow
worthinesse,
And by Deedes praise it; Hee
who doth not this,
May lodge an Inmate soule, but
tis not his.)
When that Queene ended here
her progresse time.
And, as t^r her standing house, to
heaven did clymbe,
Where loath to make the Saints
attend her long,
Shee's now a part both of the
Quire, and Song.
This, world, in that great earth-
quake languished;
For in a common Bath of teares
it bled,
Which drew the strongest vitall
spirits out:
But succour'd then with a per-
plexed doubt,
Whether

The first Anniversary.

3

Whether the world did loose
or gaine in this,
(Because since now no other
way there is,
But goodnesse, to see her, whom
all would see,
All must endeavour to bee good
as shee.)

This great consumption to a fe-
uer turn'd,
And so the world had fits; it
ioy'd, it mournd,
And, as men thinke, that Agues
Physicke are,
And th' Ague being spent, giue
ouer care,
So thou sicke world, mistak'lt
thy selfe to bee
Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Le-
targee.
Her death did wound, and tame
thee than, and than

Thou

An Anatomy of the world

Thou mightst haue better spar'd
the Sunne, or Man.

That wound was deepe, but 'tis
more misery,

That thou hast lost thy sense and
memory.

T'was heauy then to heare thy
voice of mone,

But this is worse, that thou art
speechlesse growne.

Thou hast forgot thy name, thou
hadst; thou wast

Nothing but she, and her thou
hast o'repast.

For as a child kept from the
Font, vntill

A Prince, expected long, come
to fulfill

The Ceremonies, thou vnnam'd
hadst laid,

Had not her comming, thee her
Palace made :

Her

The first Anniversary.

5

Her name defin'd thee, gaue thee
forme and frame,

And thou forgetst to celebrate
thy name.

Some moneths shee hath bene
dead (but being dead,
Measures of times are all deter-
mined)

But long shee'ath beene away,
long, long, yet none

Offers to tell vs who it is that's
gone.

But as in states doubtfull of
future heyres,

When sicknesse without reme-
dy, empayres

The present Prince, they're loth
it should be said,

The Prince doth languish, or
the Prince is dead :

So mankinde feeling now a ge-
nerall thaw,

A

An Anatomy of the world

A strong example gone equall
to law.

The Cyment which did faith-
fully compact

And glue all vertues, now re-
solu'd, and slack'd,

Thought it some blasphemy to
say sh' was dead;

Or that our weaknesse was dis-
couered

In that confession; therefore
spoke no more

Then tongues, the soule being
gonne, the losse deplore.

But though it be too late to suc-
cour thee,

Sicke world, yea dead, yea pu-
trified, since shee

Thy'ntrinsique Balme, and thy
preseruatiue,

Can neuer be renew'd, thou ne-
uer liue,

The first Anniversary.

7

I (since no man can make thee
liue) will trie,

What we may gaine by thy
Anatomy.

Her death hath taught vs deare-
ly, that thou art

Corrupt and mortall in thy pu-
rest part.

Let no man say, the world it selfe
being dead,

Tis labour lost to haue disco-
uered.

The worlds infirmities, since
there is none

Aliue to study this dissecti-
one;

For there's a kind of world re-
maining still,

Though shee which did inani-
mate and fill

The world, begone, yet in this
last long night,

B

Her

*What life
the world
hath left.*

An Anatomy of the world

Her Ghost doth walke; that is, a
glimmering light,
A faint weake loue of vertue and
of good

Reflects from her, on them
which vnderstood

Her worth; And though she
haue shut in all day,

The twi-light of her memory
doth stay;

Which, from the carkasse of the
old world, free

Creates a new world; and new
creatures bee

Produc'd: The matter and the
stuffe of this,

Her vertue, and the forme our
practise is.

And thought to be thus Ele-
mented, arme

These creatures, from hom-
borne intrinsique harme,

(For

The first Anniversary

9

(For all assum'd vnto this Dig-
nitee,

So many weedlesse Paradises
bee,

Which of themselues produce
no venemous sinne,

Except some forraine Serpent
bring it in)

Yet, because outward stormes
the strongest breake,

And strength it selfe by confi-
dence growes weake,

This new world may be safer,
being told.

The dangers and diseases of the
old :

For with due temper men doe
then forgoe,

Or couet things, when they
their true worth know.

There is no health; Phisitians
say that we

*The sicknesse
of the world*

*Impossibility
of health.*

B 2

At

An Anatomy of the world

At best, enioy, but a neutra-
litee.

And can there be worfe sicknes,
then to know

That we are neuer well, nor can
be so?

We are borne ruinous: poore
mothers cry,

That children come not right,
nor orderly;

Except they headlong come and
fall vpon

An ominous precipita-
tion.

How witty's ruine? how impor-
tunate

Vpon mankinde? It labour'd to
frustrate

Euen Gods purpose; and made
woman, sent

For mans reliefe, cause of his lan-
guishment.

They

The first Anniversary.

II

They were to good ends, and
they are so still,
But accessory, and principall
in ill.

For that first mariage was our
funerall :

One woman at one blow, then
kill'd vs all,

And singly, one by one, they
kill vs now.

We doe delightfully our selues
allow

To that consumption ; and pro-
fusely blinde,

We kill our selues, to propagate
our kinde.

And yet we doe not that; we are
not men :

There is not now that mankind,
which was then

When as the Sun, and man, did
seeme to strive,

*An Anatomy of the world**Shortnesse
of life.*

(Ioynt tenāts of the world) who
should furuie.

When Stag, and Rauē, and the
long liu'd tree.

Compar'd with man, dy'de in
minoritee.

When, if a slow-pac'd starre
had stolne away

From the obseruers marking,
he might stay

Two or three hundred yeeres
to see't againe,

And then make vp his obseruati-
on plaine ;

When, as the age was long, the
life was great:

Mans growth confcs'd, and
recompenc'd the meat :

So spacious and large, that euery
soule

Did a faire Kingdome, and large
Realme controule :

And

The first Anniversary.

13

And when the very stature thus
erect,

Did that soule a good way to-
wards Heauen direct.

Where is this mankind now?
who liues to age,

Fit to be made *Methusalem* his
page?

Alas, we scarce liue long enough
to trie;

Whether a true made clocke run
right, or lie.

Old Grandfires talke of yester-
day with sorrow,

And for our children we reserue
to morrow.

So short is life, that euery pea-
fant striues,

In a torne house, or field, to haue
three liues,

And as in lasting, so in length is
man.

Con-

*Smalnesse
of stature.*

Contracted to an inch, who was
a span,
For had a man at first, in Forrests
stray'd,
Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one
would haue laid
A wager that an Elephant, or
Whale
That met him, would not hastily
assaile
A thing so equall to him :
now alas.
The Fayries, and the Pigmies
well may passe
As credible ; mankind decayes
so soone,
We're searle our Fathers shadows
cast at noone.
Onely death addes t' our length :
nor are we growne
In stature to be men, till we are
none.

But

The first Anniuersary.

15

But this were light, did our lesse
volume hold

All the old Text; or had we
chang'd to gold

Their siluer or dispos'd into
lesse glas,

Spirits of vertue, which then
scattered was.

But 'tis not so: w're not re-
tir'd, but damp't?

And as our bodies, so our minds
are cramped:

Tis shrinking, not close weaning
that hath thus,

In minde and body both be-
dwarfed vs.

We seeme ambitious, Gods
whole worke t'vndoe;

Of nothing he made vs, and we
strive too,

To bring our selues to nothing
backe; and we

Doe

*Smalnesse
of stature.*

Contracted to an inch, who was
 a span,
 For had a man at first, in Forrests
 stray'd,
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 That met him, would not hastily
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The first Anniversary.

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Of nothing he made vs, and we
strive too,

To bring our selues to nothing
backe; and we

Doe

Doe what we can, to doe't so
soone as he.

With new diseases on our selues
we warre,

And with new Physicke, a worse
Engin farre.

Thus man, this worlds Vice-Em-
peror, in whom

All faculties, all graces are at
home;

And if in other creatures they
appare,

They, re but mans Ministers, and
Legats thers,

To worke on their rebellions,
and reduce

Them to Ciuility, and to mans
vse.

This man, whom God did woo,
and loth t' attend

Till man came vp, did downe to
man descend,

This

The first Anniversary.

17

This man so great, that all that is,
is his,

Oh what a trifle, and poore thing
he is?

If man were any thing; he's no-
thing now :

Helpe, or at least some time to
waite, allow

T' his other wants, yet when he
did depart

With her whom we lament, he
lost his heart.

She, of whom th' Ancients
seem'd to prophesie,

When they call'd vertues by the
name of shee,

She in whom vertue was so
much refin'd,

That for Allay vnto so pure a
minde

Shee took the weaker Sex, she
that could driue

The

An Anatomy of the world

The poysonous tincture, and the
stayne of *Eue*,
Out of her thought, and deedes;
and purifie
All, by a true religious Alchi-
my;
Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead:
when thou knowest this,
Thou knowest how poore a tri-
fling thing man is.
And learn'st thus much by our
Anatomee,
The heart being perish'd, no
no part can be free.
And that except thou feed (not
banquet) on
The supernaturall food, Reli-
gion.
Thy better growth growes whi-
thered, and scant;
Be more than man, or thou'rt
lesse then an Ant.

Then

The first Anniversary.

19

Then, as mankinde, so is the
worlds whole frame
Quite out of ioynt, almost crea-
ted lame :

For, before God had made vp
all the rest,

Corruption entred, and de-
prau'd the best :

It seisd the Angels, and then first
of all

The world did in her Cradle
take a fall,

And turn'd her brains, and tooke
a generall maim

Wronging each ioynt of th'vni-
uerfall frame.

The noblest part, man, felt it
first; and than

Both beasts and plants, curst in
the curse of man.

So did the world from the first
houre decay,

That

*Decay of na-
ture in other
parts.*

An Anatomy of the world

That euening was beginning of
the day,
And now the Springs and Som-
mers which we see,
Like sonnes of women after
fifty bee.
And new Philosophy cals all in
doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put
out;
The Sunne is lost, and th'earth,
and no mans wit
Can well direct him where to
looke for it.
And freely men confesse that
this world's spent,
When in the Planets, and the
Firmament
They seeke so many new; they
see that this
Is crumbled out againe to his
Atomis.

'Tis

The first Anniuersary.

21

'Tis all in pieces, all coherence
gone;
All iust supply, and all Relation:
Prince, Subiect, Father, Sonne,
are things forgot,
Eor euery man alone thinkes he
hath got
To be a Phoenix, and that then
can be
None of that kinde, of which he
is, but he.
This is the worlds condition
now, and now
She that should all parts to reuni-
on bow,
She that had all Magnetique
force alone,
To draw, and fasten fundred
parts in one;
She whom wise nature had
innented then

When

When she obseru'd that euery
fort of men
Did in their voyage in this
worlds Sea stray,
And needed a new compasse
for their way;
Shee that was best, and first ori-
ginall
Of all faire copies and the
generall
Steward to Fate; shee whose
rich eyes, and brest :
Guilt the West-Indies, and per-
fum'd the East ;
Whose hauing breath'd in this
world, did bestow
Spice on those Isles, and bad
them still smell so,
And that rich Indie which doth
gold interre,
Is but as single money, coyn'd
from her :

She

The first Anniversary.

23

She to whom this world must it
felfe refer,
As Suburbs, or the Microcosme
of her,
Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead:
when thou knowest this,
Thou knowst how lame a cripple
this world is.
And learnst thus much by our
Anatomy,
That this worlds generall sick-
nesse doth not lie
In any humour, or one certaine
part;
But as thou sawest it rotten at the
heart,
Thou seest a Hectique feuer hath
got hold
Of the whole substance, not to
be contrould.
And that thou hast but one way,
not t'admit

C

The

*Disformity
of parts.*

The worlds infection, to be
none of it.

For the worlds subtilst imma-
teriall parts

Feele this consuming wound,
and ages darts.

Eor the worlds beauty is de-
cayd, or gone,

Beauty, that's colour, and pro-
portion.

We thinke the heauens enioy
their Sphericall

Their round proportion em-
bracing all.

But yet their various and per-
plexed course,

Obseru'd in diuerse ages doth
enforce

Men to find out so many Eccen-
trique parts,

Such diuers downe-right lines,
such ouerthwarts,

As

The first Anniversary.

25

As disproportion that pure
forme. It teares

The Firmament in eight and
forty sheeres,

And in these constillations then
arise

New starres, and old doe vanish
from our eyes :

As though heau'n suffered earth
quakes, peace or war,

When new Towers rise, and old
demolish't are.

They haue impayld within a
Zodiake

The free-borne Sun, and keepe
twelue signes awake

To watch his stepps; the Goat
and Crabbe controule,

And fright him backe, who els
to either Pole,

(Did not these Tropiques fether
him) might runne :

C₂

For

For his course is not round; nor
can the Sunne
Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his
way
One inche direct; but where he
rose to day
He comes no more, but with a
consening line,
Steales by that point, and so is
Serpentine:
And seeming weary with his
reeling thus,
He meanes to sleepe, being now
falne nearer vs.
So, of the Starres which boast
that they doe runne.
In Circle still, none ends where
he begunne.
All their proportion's lame, it
finckes, it swels.
For of Meridians, and Paral-
lels,

Man

The first Anniversary. | 27

Man hath weaved out a net, and
this net throwne

Vpon the Heauens, and now
they are his owne.

Loth to goe vp the hill, or la-
bour thus

To goe to heauen, we make
heauen come to vs.

We spur, we raigne the stars,
and in their race

They're diuersly content to obey
our peace,

But keeps the earth her round
proportion still?

Doth not a Tenarif, or higher
Hill

Rise so high like a Rocke, that
one might thinke

The floating Moone wold ship-
wracke there, and sinke?

Seas are so deepe, that Whales
being strooke to day,

Perchance too morrow, scarce
at middle way

Of their wish'd iourneys ende,
the bottom, die.

And men, to sound depths, so
much line vntie,

As one might iustly thinke, that
there would rise

At end thereof, one of th' Anti-
podies :

If vnder all, a Vault infernall
be,

(Which sure is spacious, except
that we

Inuent another torment, that
there must

Millions into a strait hot roome
be thrust)

Then solidnesse, and roundnesse
haue no place.

Are these but warts, and pock-
holes in the face

Of

The first Anniversary.

29

Of th' earth? Thinke so: But yet
confesse, in this

The worlds proportion disfigu-
red is,

That those two legges whereon
it doth rely,

*Disorder in
the world.*

Reward and punishment are
bent awry.

And, Oh, it can no more be que-
stioned,

That beauties best, proportion, is
dead,

Since euen grieve it selfe, which
now alone

Is left vs, is without propor-
tion.

Shee by whose lines proportion
should bee

Examined, measure of all Sym-
metree,

Whom had that Ancient scene,
who thought soules made

C 4

O 1

An Anatomy of the world

Of Harmony, he would at next
haue said

That Harmony was shee, and
thence infer.

That soules were but Resultan-
ces from her,

And did from her into our bo-
dies goc,

As to our eyes, the formes from
objects flow :

Shee, who if those great Doctors
truely said

That the Arke to mans propor-
tion was made,

Had beene a type for that, as
that might be

A type of her in this, that con-
trary

Both Elements and Passions
liu'd at peace

In her, who caus'd all Ciuill
war to cease.

Shee

The first Anniversary.

21

Shee, after whom, what forme
foe' rewe see,

Is discord, and rude incongrui-
tee,

Shee, shee is dead, she's dead;
when thou knowest this,

Thou knowst how vgly a mon-
ster this world is :

And learnst thus much by our
Anatomee,

That here is nothing to enamor
thee :

And that, not onely faults in in-
ward parts,

Corruptions in our brains, or in
our hearts.

Poysoning the fountaines,
whence our actions spring,

Endanger vs : but that if euery
thing

Be not done fitly'nd in propor-
tion,

To

To satisfie wise, and good loo-
kers on;
(Since most men be such as most
thinke they bee)
They're lothsome too, by this
Deformitee.
For good, and well, must in our
actions meete;
Wicked is not much worse then
indiscreet.
But beauties other second Ele-
ment,
Colour, and lustre now, is as
neere spent.
And had the world his iust pro-
portion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone
is gone.
As a compassionate Turcoyse
which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is
not well,

As

The first Anniuerſary.

22

As gold fals ficke being ſtung
with Mercury,
All the worlds parts of ſuch
complexion bee.
When nature was moſt buſie,
the firſt weeke,
Swadling the new borne earth
God ſeemd to like,
That ſhe ſhould ſport her ſelfe
ſometimes, and play,
To mingle, and vary colours e-
uery day.
And then, as though ſhe could
not make inow,
Himſelfe his various Rainbow
did allow,
Sight is the nobleſt ſenſe of any
one,
Yet ſight hath onely colour to
feede on,
And colour is decayd: ſummers
robe growes

Duskie,

Duskie, and like an oft dyed
garment shoves.

Our blushing redde, which vs'd
in cheekes to spred,

Is inward sunke and onely our
soules are redde.

Perchance the world might
haue recouered,

If shee whom we lament had
not bene dead :

But shee, in whom all white, and
red, and blew

(Beauties ingredients) volunta-
ry grew,

As in an vnuext Paradise; from
whom

Did all things verdure, and their
lustre come,

Whose composition was mira-
culous,

Being all colour, all Diapha-
nous,

(For

The first Anniversary.

35

(For Ayre, and Fire but thicke
grosse bodies were,
And liueliest stones but drow-
sie, and pale to her,)
Shee, shee, is dead; she's dead:
when thou knowst this,
Thou knowest how wana Ghost
this our world is:
And learnst thus much by our
Anatomee,
That it should more affright,
then pleasure thee.
And that, since all faire colour
then did sinke,
'Tis now but wicked vanitie to
thinke,
To colour vicious deeds with
good pretence,
Or with bought colors to illude
mens sense.
Nor in ought more this worlds
decay appeares,

Then

*Weaknesse
in the want
of correspon-
dence of bea-
uen & earth.*

Then that her influence the
heav'n forbears,
Or that the Elements doe not
feelee this,
The father, or the mother barren is.

The clouds conceiue not raine,
or doe not powre.

In the due birth-time, down the
balmy showre.

Th' Ayre doth not motherly sit
on the earth,

To hatch her seasons, and giue
all things birth.

Spring-times were common
cradles, but are roombes,
And false-conceptions fill the
generall wombes.

Th' ayre shewes such Meteors,
as none can see,
Not onely what they meane, but
what they bee.

Earth

The first Anniversary.

37

Earth such new wormes, as
would haue troubled much,
Th'Egyptian *Mages* to haue
made more such.

What Artift now dares boast
that he can bring
Heauen hither, or constellate
any thing,

So as the influence of those
starres may bee
Imprisoned in an Hearbe, or
Charme, or Tree,

And doe by touch, all which
those starres could doe?
The art is lost, and correspon-
dence too.

For heauen giues little, and the
earth takes lesse,
And man least knowes their
trade and purposes.

If this commerce twixt heauen
and earth were not

Em-

Embarr'd, and all this trafique
quite forgot,
Shée, for whose losse we haue
lamented thus,
Would worke more fully and
pow'rfully on vs.
Since herbes and roots by dy-
ing, lose not all,
But they, yea Ashes too, are
medicinall,
Death could not quench her ver-
tue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd)
wondred at:
And all the world would be one
dying Swan,
To sing her funerall praise, and
vanish than.
But as some Serpents poyson
hurteth not,
Except it be from the liue Ser-
pent shot,

The first Anniuersary.

39

So doth her vertue need her
here, to fit
That vnto vs; she working more
then it.
But she, in whom, to such matu-
rity,
Vertue was grown, past growth,
that it must die,
She from whose influence all
Impression came,
But by receiuers impotencies,
lame,
Who, though she could not
transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet guilded
euery state,
So that some Princes haue some
temperance;
Some Counsellors some pur-
pose to aduance
The common profite; and some
people haue

D

Some

Some stay, no more then Kings
should giue, to craue;
Some women haue some taci-
turnity,
Some Nunneries, some graines
of chastity.

She that did thus much, & much
more could doe,

But that our age was Iron, and
rusty too,

Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead:
when thou knowest this,
Thou knowest how drie a Cin-
der this world is.

And learnst thus much by our
Anatomy,

That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mol-
lifie

It with thy Teares, or Sweat, or
Blood: nothing

Is worth our trauaile, grieve, or
perishing,

But

The first Anniversary.

41

But those rich ioyes , which did
possesse her heart,
Of which shee's now partaker,
and a part.

But as in cutting vp a man that's
dead,

Conclusion.

The body will not last out to
haue read

On euery part, and therefore
men direct

Their speech to parts, that are of
most effect;

So the worlds carcasfe would
not last, if I

Were punctuall in this
Anatomy.

Nor smels it well to hearers , if
one tell

Them their disease, who faine
would thinke they're well.

Here therefore be the end: And,
blessed maid,

D 2

Of

Of whom is meant what euer
hath beene said,
Or shall be spoken well by any
tongue,
Whose name refines course
lines, and makes prose song,
Accept this tribute, and his first
yeeres rent,
Who till his darke short tapers
end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this wi-
dowed earth,
Will yeerely celebrate thy se-
cond birth,
That is, thy death. For though
the soule of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis
borne but than
When man doth die, Our bodi's
as the wombe,
And as a Mid wife death directs
it home.

And

The first Anniversary.

43

And you her creatures, whom
she workes vpon
And haue your last, and best
concoction
From her example, and her ver-
tue, if you
In reuerence to her, doe thinke
it due,
That no one should her prayfes
thus reherse,
As matter fit for Chronicle, not
verse,
Vouchsafe to call to minde, that
God did make
A last, and lastingst peece, a song.
He spake
To *Moses*, to deliuer vnto
all,
That song : because he knew
they would let fall,
The Law, the Prophets, and the
History,

D 3

But

But keepe the song still in their
memory.

Such an opinion (in due mea-
sure) made

Me this great Office boldly to in-
uade.

Nor could incomprehensibile-
nesse deterre

Me, from thus trying to empri-
son her.

Which when I saw that a strict
graue could doe,

If saw not why verse might not
doe so too.

Verse hath a middle nature :

Heauen keepes soules,

The Graue keepes bodies,

Verse the same enroules.



A FVNERALL
ELEGIE.

TIs lost, to trust a Toombe with
such a gueſt,
Or to confine her in a Marble
cheſt.
Alas, what's Marble, Ieat, or
Porphiry,
Priz'd with the Chryſolite of
either eye,
Or with thoſe Pearles, and Rubies
which ſhee was?
Ioyne the two Indies in one Tombe,
'tis glas;
And ſo is all to her mate-
rials,

D 4

Though

*Though. euery inch were ten'escu-
rials.*

*Yet shee's demolished: Can we keepe
her then*

*In workes of hands, or of the wits. of
men?*

*Can these memorials, ragges of pa-
per, giue*

*Life to that name, by which name
they must liue?*

*Sickly, alas, short liu'd, aborted
bee*

*Those Carkas verses, whose soule is
not shee.*

*And can shee, who no longer would
be shee,*

*Being such a Tabernacle, stoope to
bee*

*In paper wrapt; Or, when shee
would not lie*

*In such a house, dwell in an Ele-
gie?*

But

A Funerall Elegie.

47

But 'tis no matter ; we may well allow

Verse to live so long as the world will now

For her death wounded it. The world containes

Princes for armes, and Counsailors for braines,

Lawyers for tongues, Diuines for hearts, and more,

The Rich for stomachs, and for backes the Poore ;

The officers for hands, Merchants for feet

By which remote and distant Countries meet.

But those fine spirits which doe tune and set

This Organ, are those peeces which beget

Wonder and loue ; And these were shee ; and shee

Being

Being spent, the world must needs
decrepit bee.

For since death will proceed to tri-
umph still,

He can finde nothing, after her, to
kill,

Except the world it selfe, so great as
shee.

Thus braue and confident may Na-
ture bee,

Death cannot giue her such another
blow,

Because shee cannot such another
show.

But must we say shee's dead? May't
not be said

That as a sundred Clocke is peece-
meale laid,

Not to be lost, but by the makers
hand

Repo'ish'd, without error then to
stand,

Or

A Funerall Elegie.

49

*Or as the Affrique Niger streame
enwombs*

*It selfe into the earth, and after
comes,*

*(Hauing first made a naturall
bridge, to passe*

*For many leagues,) farre greater
then it was,*

*May't not be said, that her graue
shall restore*

*Her, greater, purer, firmer, then
before?*

*Heauen may say this, and ioy in't;
but can wee*

*Who liue, and lacke her, here this
vantage see?*

*What is't to vs, alas, if there haue
beene*

*An Angell made a Throne, or Che-
rubin?*

*We lose by't: And as aged men are
glad*

Being

Being tastelesse growne, to ioy in
ioyes they had,
So now the sicke staru'd world must
feed vpon
This ioy, that we had her, who now
is gone.
Reioyce then nature, and this world,
that you
Fearing the last fires hastning to
subdue
Your force and vigor, ere it were
neere gone,
Wisely bestow'd, and laid it all on
one.
One, whose cleare body was so pure,
and thin,
Because it need disguise no thought
within.
T'was but a through-light scarfe;
her minde t' enroule,
Or exhalation breath'd out from
her soule.

One,

A Funerall Elegie.

51

One, whom all men who durst no
more, admir'd,
And whom, who ere had worth
enough, desir'd;
As when a Temple's built, Saints
emulate
To which of them, it shall be conse-
crate.
But as when Heauen lookes on vs
with new eyes,
Those new starres euery Artist ex-
ercise,
What place they should assigne to
them they doubt.
Argue, and agree not, till those
starres goe out:
So the world studied whose this
peece should be,
Till she can be no bodies else, nor
shee:
But like a Lampe of Balsamum,
desir'd

Rather

Rather t' adorne, then last, shee
soone expir'd;
Cloath'd in her Virgin white integrity;
For mariage, though it doe not
staine, doth dye.
To scape th' infirmities which waite
upon
Woman, shee went away, before
sh' was one.
And the worlds busie noyse to overcome,
Tooke so much death, as scrud for
opium.
For though she could not, nor could
chuse to die,
Shee'ath yeelded to too long an
Extasie.
He which not knowing her said History,
Should come to read the booke of
destinie,

How

A Funerall Elegie.

53

*How faire and chaste, humble and
high shee'ad beene,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at
not fiftene,
And measuring future things, by
things before,
Should turne the leafe to read, and
read no more,
Would thinke that either destinie
mistooke,
Or that some leaues were torne out
of the booke.
But 'tis not so: Fate did but vs her
her
To yeares of Reasons vse, and then
infer
Her destinie to her selfe; which li-
bertie
Shee tooke but for thus much, thus
much to die.
Her modesty not suffering her to
bee*

Fellow-

*Fellow-Commissioner with desti-
nee,
She did no more but die ; if after
her
Any shall liue, which dare true good
prefer,
Euery such person is her deli-
gate,
T' accomplish that which should
haue bene her fate.
They shall make vp that booke, and
shall haue thanks
Of fate and her, for filling vp their
blankes.
For future vertuous deeds are Le-
gacies.
Which from the gift of her example
rise.
And 'tis in heau'n part of spirituell
mirth,
To see how well, the good play her,
on earth.*

FINIS.

The second Anniversarie.

OF
THE PROGRES
of the Soule.

Wherein,
BY OCCASION OF
the Religious death of Mistris
ELIZABETH DRYY,
the incommodities of the Soule
in this life, and her exaltation in
the next, are Contem-
plated.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *A. Mathewes* for *Tho: Deme*, and are
to be sold at his shop in *Saint Dunstons Church-*
yard in Fleetstreet. 1621.



THE HARBINGER to the Progresse.

TWO soules moue here, and mine
(a third) must moue
Paces of admiration, and of
loue;

Thy soule (Deare Virgin) whose
this tribute is,

Mou'd from this mortall sphere to
liuely blisse;

And yet moues still, and still aspires
to see

The worlds last day, thy glories full
degree :

Of the Progresse of the Soule :

*Like as those starres which thou
ore-lookest farre,
Are in their place, and yet still
moued are.*

*No soule (whiles with the luggage of
this clay*

*It clogged is) can follow thee halfe
way ;*

*Or see thy flight ; which doth our
thoughts outgoe*

*So fast, that now the lightning
moues but slow :*

*But now thou art as high in heauen
flowne*

*As heau'ns from vs ; what soule be-
sides thine owne*

*Can tell thy ioyes, or say he can re-
late*

*Thy glorious Iournals in that blef-
sed state ?*

*I enuie thee (Rich soule) I enuy
thee,*

Although

to the Progresse.

*Although I cannot yet thy glory
see :
And thou (Great spirit) which
her's follow'd hast
So fast, as none can follow thine so
fast ;
So farre as none can follow thine so
farre,
(And if this flesh did not the pas-
sage barre
Had'st caught her) let me wonder
at thy flight
Which long agoe had'st oft the
vulgar sight
And now mak'st proud the better
eyes, that thay
Can see thee less'ned in thine aery
way ;
So while thou mak'st her soule by
progresse knowne
Thou mak'st a noble progresse of
thine owne.*

The Harbinger

*From this worlds carcasſe haniſg
mounted hie*

*To that pure life of Immorta-
litie;*

*Since thine aſpiring thoughts them-
ſelues ſo raiſe*

*That more may not beſeeme a crea-
tures praiſe,*

*Yet ſtill thou vow'ſt her more; and
euery yeare*

*Mak'ſt a new Progreſſe, while thou
wandreſt here;*

*Still upward mount; and let thy
makers praiſe*

*Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy
laies.*

*And ſince thy Muſe her head in
heauen ſhrouds*

*Oh let her neuer ſtoope below the
clouds :*

*And if thoſe glorious ſainted ſoules
may know*

to the Progresse.

*Or what we doe, or what we sing
below,*

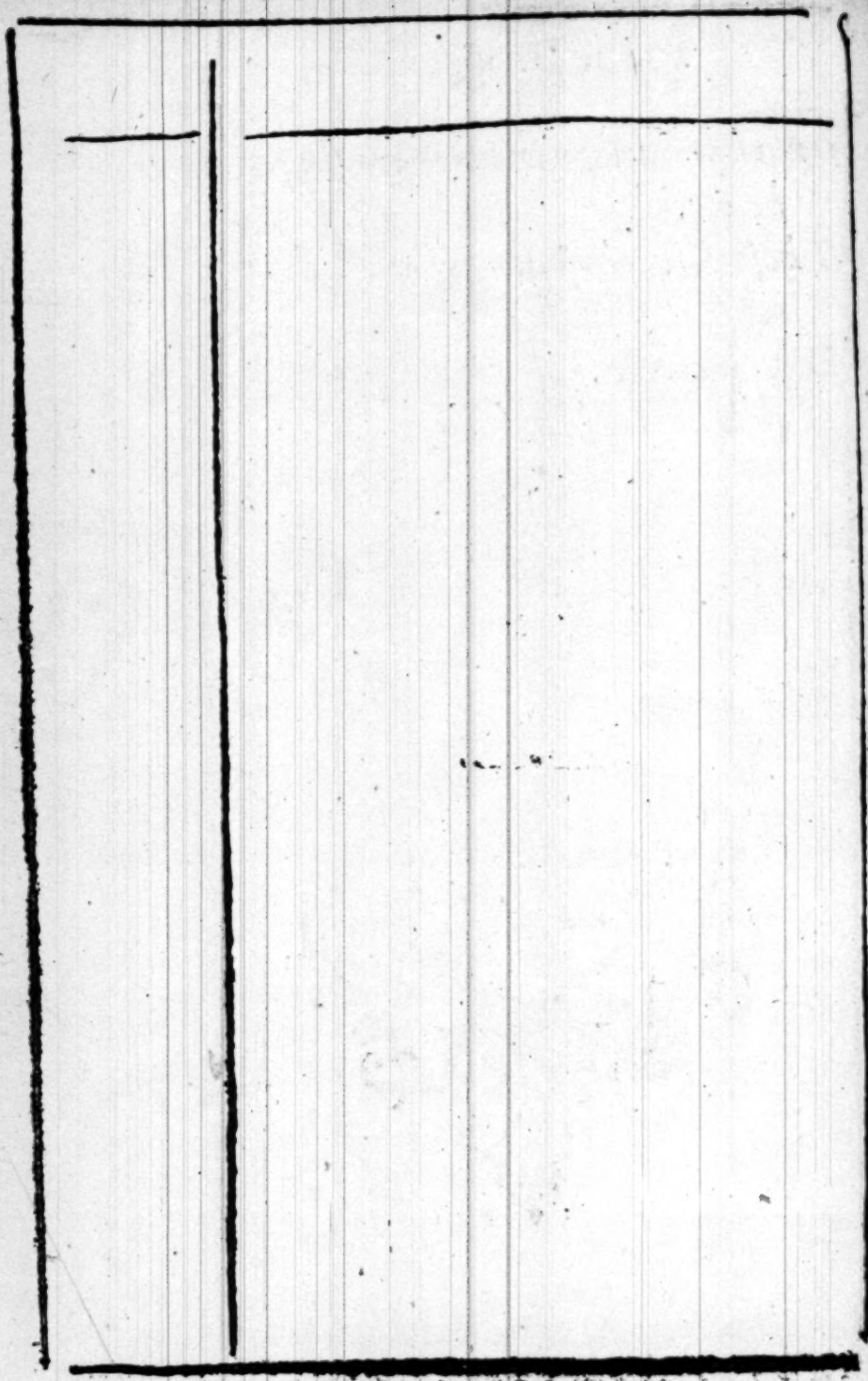
*Those acts, those songs shall still
content them best*

*Which praise those awfull powers
that make them blest.*

E 4

THE







The second Anniuersary

O F
THE PROGRES
of the Soule.

NOthing could make me sooner to confesse.

The entrance,

That this world had an euerlastingnesse,

Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,

Since both this lower worlds,
and the Sunnes Sunne,

The Lustre, and the vigor of
this All,

Did

Did set, t'were Blasphemy, to
say, did fall.

But as a ship which hath strooke
faile, doth runne,
By force of that force which be-
fore, it wonne:

Or as sometimes in a beheaded
man,

Through at those two Red seas,
which freely ran,

One from the Trunke, another
from the Head,

His soule he saild, to her eternall
bed,

His eies will twinkle, and his
tongue will roll,

As though he beckned, and cal'd
backe his Soul,

He graspes his hands, and he puls
vp his feet,

And seemes to reach, and to step
forth to meet

His

His soule; when all these motions
which we saw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at
a thaw :

Or as a lute, which in moist weather,
rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of
her strings.

So struggles this dead world,
now shee is gone;
For there is motion in corruption.

As some Daies are, at the Creation
nam'd,

Before the Sunne, the which
fram'd Daies, was fram'd,
So after this Sunnes set, some
show appeares,

And orderly vicisitude of
yeares.

Yer a new Deluge, and of *Lethe*
flood,

Hath

Hath drown' vs all, All haue forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the miane Reserve of all,
Yet in this Deluge, grosse and generall,
Thou seest me striue for life; my life shall be,
To bee hereafter prais'd, for praying thee,
Immortall Maid, who though thou wouldst refuse
The name of Mother, be vnto my Muse,
A Father since her chaste Ambition is,
Yearely to bring forth such a child as this.
These Hymes may worke on future wits, and so
May great Grand-children of thy praises grow.

And

The second Anniversarie.

5

And so, though not Reuiue, em-
balme, and spice
The world which else would pu-
trifie with vice.

Forthus, Man may extend thy
progeny,
Vntill man doe but vanish, and
not die.

These Hymus they issue, may
encrease so long,
Astill Gods great *Venite* change
the song.

Thirst for that time, O my infa-
tiate soule,
And serue thy thirst, with Gods
safe-fealing Bowle.

Bee thirsty still, and drinke still
till thou goe;

To th'onely Health, to be Hy-
droptique so.

Forget this rotten world; And
vnto thee,

Let

*A iust dis-
estimation
of this
world.*

Let thine owne times as an old
story be
Be not concern'd : study not
why, nor whan;
Doe not so much, as not belecue
a man.
For though to erre, be worst, to
try truths forth,
Is far more busines, then this
world is worth.
The world is but a carcasse; thou
art fed
By it, but as a worrne, that carcas
bred;
And why shouldst thou, poore
worme, consider more,
When this world will grow bet-
ter then before,
Then those thy fellow-wormes
doe thinke vpon
That carcasses last resurrecti-
one.

Forget

The second Anniversarie.

7

Forget this world, and scarce
thinke of it so,
As of old cloaths, cast off a yeere
agoe.

To be thus stupid is Ala-
cristy ;
Men thus lethargique haue best
Memory.

Looke vpward ; that's towards
her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congra-
tulate.

Shee, to whom all this world
twas but a stage,
Where all sat harkning how her
youthfull age
Should be emploid, because in
all, shee did,
Some Figure of the Golden
times, was hid.

Who could not lacke, what ere
this world could giue,
Because

Because shee was the forme,
that made it liue;
Nor could complaine, that this
world was vnfit,
To be staide in, then when shee
was in it;
Shee that first tried indifferent
desires
By vertue, and vertue by religi-
ous fires,
Shee to whose person Paradise
adheard,
As Courts to Princes, she whose
eies enspheard
Star-light inough, t'haue made
the South controll,
(Had shee beene there) the Star-
full Northern Pole,
Shee, shee is gone; shee is gone;
when thou knowest this,
What fragmentary rubbidgethis
world is.

Thou

Thou knoweſt, and that it is not
worth a thought;

He honours it too much that
thinkeſ it nought.

Thinke then, My ſoule, that
death is but a Groome,

Which brings a Taper to the
outward roome,

Whence thou ſpieſt firſt a little
glimmering light,

And after brings it nearer to thy
ſight:

For ſuch approaches doth heauen
make in death.

Thinke thy ſelfe labouring now
with broken breath,

And thinke thoſe broken & ſoft
Notes to bee

Diuiſion, and thy happieſt Har-
monee.

Thinke thee laid on thy death-
bed, looſe and ſlacke;

F

And

*Contempla-
tion of our
ſtate in our
death-bed,*

And thinke that but vnbinding
of a packe,
To take one precious thing, thy
soule, from thence.
Thinke thy selfe parch'd with
feuers violence,
Anger thine Ague more, by cal-
ling it
Thy Physicke; chide the slacknes
of the fit.
Thinke that thou hear'st thy
knell, and thinke no more,
But that, as Bels cal'd thee to
Church before,
So this, to the Triumphant
Church, calls thee.
Thinke Satans Sergeants round
about thee bee,
And thinke that but for Lega-
ciesthey thrust;
Giue one thy Pride, to'another
giue thy Lust:

Giue

Giue them those finnes which
they gaue thee before,
And trust th'immaculate blood
to wash thy score.

Thinkethy friends weeping
round, and thinke that thay
Weepe but because they goe not
yet thy way.

Thinke that they close thine
eyes, and thinke in this,
That they confesse much in the
world, amisse,
Who dare not trust a dead mans
eye with that,
Which they from God, and An-
gels couer not.

Thinke that they shourd thee
vp, and thinke from thence
They reinuest thee in white in-
nocence.

Thinke that thy body rots, and
(if so lowe,

Thy soule exalted so, thy
thoughts can goe.)

Thinkethee a Prince, who of
themselves create .

Wormes which insensibly de-
uoure their state.

Thinke that they bury thee, and
thinke that right

Laies thee to sleepe but a Saint
Lucies night.

Thinke these things cheerfully :
and if thou bee

Drowfie or slacke, remember
then that shee,

She whose Complexion was so
euen made,

That which of her Ingredients
should inuade

The other three, no Feare, no
Art could guesse :

So farre were all remou'd from
more or lesse.

But

But as in Mithridate, or iust per-
fumes,

Where all good things being
met, no one presumes

To gouerne, or to triumph on
the rest,

Onely because all were, no part
was best.

And as, though all doe know,
that quantities

Are made of lines, and lines from
Points arise,

None can these lines or quanti-
ties vnioynt,

And say this is a line, or this a
point,

So though the Elements and
Humors were

In her, one could not say, this
gouerns there.

Whose euen constitution might
haue worne

Any disease to venter on the
Sunne,
Rather then her: and make a spi-
rit feare
That he to disuniting subiect
were.
To whose proportions if we
would compare
Cubes, th'are vnstable; Circles,
Angulare;
Shee who was such a Chaine, as
Fate emploies
To bring mankind, all Fortunes
it enioyes,
So fast, so euen wrought, as one
would thinke,
No Accident, could threaten a-
ny linke,
Shee, shee embrac'd a sicknesse,
gaue it meat,
The purest Blood, and Breath,
that ere it eat.

And

And hath taught vs that though
a good man hath
Title to Heauen, and plead it by
his Faith,
And though he may pretend a
conquest, since
Heauen was content to suffer
violence,
Yea though he plead a long pos-
session too,
(For they're in heauen on earth,
who heauens workes do,)
Though he had right, & power,
and place before,
Yet Death must vs her, and vn-
locke the doore.
Thinke further on thy selfe, my
soule, and thinke;
How thou at first wast made but
in a sinke;
Thinke that it argued some in-
fermitee,

*Incommodi-
ties of the
Soule in the
Body.*

That those two soules, which
then thou foundst in mee,
Thou fedst upon, and drewst in-
to thee, both
My second soule of sence, and
first of growth.
Thinke but how poore thou
wast, how obnoxious;
Whom a small lump of flesh
could poyson thus.
This curded milke, this poore
vnlittered whelp
My body, could, beyound es-
cape, or helpe,
Infect thee with originall sinne,
and thou
Couldst neither then refuse, nor
leau it now.
Thinke that no stubborne sullen
Anchorit,
Which fixt to a Pillar, or a Graue
doth sit

Bedded

Bedded and Bath'd in all his Or-
dures, dwels
So fowly as our soules, in their
first-built Cels.

Thinke in how poore a prison
thou didst lie
After, enabled but to sucke, and
crie.

Thinke, when t'was growne to
most, t'was a poore Imme,
A Prouince Pack'd vp in two
yards of skinne.

And that vsurped, or threatned
with the rage
Of sicknesses, or their true mo-
ther, Age.

But thinke that Death hath now
enfranchis'd thee,

Thou hast thy' expausion now
and libertee;

Thinke that a rusty Peece, dis-
charg'd, is flowen

*Her liberty
by death.*

In

In peeces, and the bullet is his
owne,
And freely flies : This to thy
soule allow,
Thinkethy sheell broke, thinke
thy Soule hatch'd but now.
And think this slow-pac'd soule,
which late did cleave,
To'a body, and went but by the
bodies leaue,
Twenty, perchance, or thirty
mile a day,
Dispatches in a minute all the
way,
Twixt Heauen, and Earth: shee
staies not in the Ayre,
To looke what Meteors there
themselues prepare;
Shee carries no desire to know,
nor sense,
Whether th'Ayrs middle Regi-
on be intense,

For

For th'Element of fire, shee doth
not know,
Whether shee pass by such a
place or no;
Shee baits not at the Moone, nor
cares to trie,
Whether in that new world,
men liue, and die.
Venus recards her not, to'en-
quire, how shee
Can, (being one Star) Hesper,
and Vesper bee,
Hee that charm'd Argus eyes,
sweet Mercury,
Workes not on her, who now is
growen all Ey;
Who, if shee meete the body of
the Sunne,
Goes through, not staying till
his course be runne;
Who finds in Mars his Campe,
no corps of Guard;

Nor

Nor is by Ioue, nor by his father
bard ;

But ere she can consider how she
went,

At once is at, and through the
Firmament.

And as these starres were but so
many beades

Strunge on one string, speed vn-
distinguish'd leades

Her through those spheares, as
through the beades, a string,

Whose quicke succession makes
it still one thing :

As doth the Pith, which, least
our Bodies slacke,

Strings fast the little bones of
necke, and backe ;

So by the soule doth death string
Heauen and Earth,

For when our soule enioyes this
her third birth,

Creation

(Creation gaue her one, a se-
cond, grace,)
Heauen is as neare, and present
to her face,
As colours are, and obiects, in a
roome
Where darknesse was before,
when Tapers come.
This must, my soule, thy long-
short Progressse bee;
To'aduance these thoughts, re-
member then, that shee
Shee, whose faire body no such
prison was,
But that a soule might well be
pleas'd to passe
An age in her; she whose rich
beauty lent
Mintage to others beauties, for
they went
But for so much, as they were
like to her;

Shee,

Shee, in whose body (if we dare
prefer

This low world, to so high a
marke, as shee,)

The Westerne treasure, Esterne
spiceree,

Europe, and Afrique, and the
vnknown rest

Were easily found, or what in
them was best;

And when w^e haue made this
large Discoueree.

Of all in her some one part then
will bee

Twenty such patts, whose plenty
and riches is

Inough to make twenty such
worlds as this;

Shee, whom had they knowne
who did first betroth.

The Tutelar Angels, and assign-
ed one, both

To

To Nations, Cities, and to
Companies,
To Functions, Offices, and Dig-
nities,
And to each severall man, to
him, and him,
They would haue giuen her one
for every limme;
Shee, of whose soule, if we may
say, 'twas Gold,
Her body wasth' Electrum, and
did hold
Many degrees of that; (we vn-
stood
Her by her sight, her pure and
eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheekes, and so di-
stinckly wrought,
That one might almost say, her
body thought,
Shee, shee, thus richly, & largely
hous'd, is gone:

And

*Her ignorance in this
life and
knowledge
in the next.*

And chides vs flow-pac'd snailes
who crawle vpon
Our prisons prison, earth, nor
thinke vs well
Longer, then whil'st we beare
our brittle shell.
But t'were but little to haue
chang'd our roome,
If, as we were in this our liuing
Toombe
Oppress'd with ignorance, we
still were so,
Poore soule in this thy flesh
what do'st thou know.
Thou know'st thy selfe so little,
as thou know'st not,
How thou didst die, nor how
thou wast begot.
Thou neither know'st, how thou
at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poy-
son of mans sin.

Nor

Nor dost thou, (though thou
knowst, that thou art so)
By what way thou art made
immortall, know.
Thou art to narrow, wretch,
to comprehend
Euen thy selfe: yea though thou
wouldst but bend
To know thy body. Haue not
all soules thought
For many ages, that our body's
wrought
Of Ayre, and Fire, and other E-
lements?
And now they thinke of new in-
gredients.
And one soule thinkes one, and
another way
Another thinkes, and ty's an
euen lay.
Know'st thou but how the stone
doth enter in

G

The

The bladders Caue, and neuer
brake the skin ?
Knowst thou how blood, which
to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to
th'other goe ?
And for the putrid stufte, which
thou dost spit,
Knowst thou how thy lungs
haue attracted it ?
There are no passages so that
there is
(For ought thou knowst) pier-
cing of substances.
And of those many opinions
which men raise
Of Nayles and Haires, dost thou
know which to praise ?
What hope haue we to know
our selues, when we
Know not the least things, which
for our vse be ?

We

We see in Authors, too stiffe to
recant.

A hundred controuerfies of an
Ant.

And yet one watches, starues,
freefes, and sweats,

To know but Catechismes and
Alphabets

Of vnconcerning things, mat-
ters of fact;

How others on our stage their
parts did Act;

What *Cesar* did, yea, and what
Cicero said.

Why grasse is greene, or why
our blood is red,

Are mysteries which none haue
reach'd vnto.

In this low forme, poore soule
what wilt thou doe?

When wilt thou shake off this
Pedantry,

Of being thought by sense, and
Fantasy?

Thou look'st through spectacles;
small things seeme great,
Below; But vp vnto the watch-
towre get,
And see all things despoild of
fallacies :

Thou shalt not peepe through
lattices of eies,
Nor heare through Laberinth
of eares, nor learne
By circuit, or collections to dis-
cerne.

In heauen thou straight know'st
all, concerning it,
And what concerns it not, shall
straight forget.

There thou (but in no other
schoole) maist bee
Purchance, as learned, and as
full, as shee,

Shee

Shee who all Libraries had
thoroughly red
At home, in her own thoughts,
and practised
So much good as would make as
many more:
Shee whose example they must
all implore,
Who would or doe, or thinke
well, and confesse
That aie the vertuous Actions
they expresse,
Are but a new, and worse
edition,
Of her some one thought, or
one action:
Shee, who in th' Art of knowing
Heaven, was growen
Here vpon Earth, to such perfe-
ction,
That shee hath, euer since to
Heaven shee came,

Of the Progresse of the Soule :

(In a far fairer point,) but read
the same :

Shee, shee, not satisfied withall
this waite,

(For so much knowledge, as
would ouer-fraire

Another, did but Ballast her) is
gone,

As well renioy, as get
perfectione.

And calls vs after her, in that shee
tooke,

(Taking her selfe) our best, and
worthiest booke.

Returne not, my soule, from this
extasce,

And meditation of what thou
shalt bee,

To earthly thoughts, till it to
thee appeare,

Wich whom thy conuersation
must be there.

With

*Of our com-
pany in this
life and in
the next.*

With whom wilt thou Con-
uerse? what station
Canst thou choose out, free
from infection,
That will nor giue thee theirs,
nor drinke in thine?
Shalt thou not finde a spongy
slacke Diuine
Drinke and sucke in th' Instructi-
ons of Great men,
And for the word of God, vent
them agen?
Are there not some Courts,
(And then, no things bee
So like as Courts) which, in this
let vs see,
That wits and tongues of Libel-
lars are weake,
Because they doe more ill, then
these can speake?
The poyson is gone through all,
poysons affect

Chiefly the cheefest parts, but
some effect
In Nailes, and Haires, yea excre-
ments, will show ;
So wise the poyson of sinne, in
the most low.
Vp vp, my drowisie soule, where
thy new eare
Shall in the Angels songs no dis-
cord heare ;
Where thou shalt see the blessed
Mother-maid
Ioy in not being that, which
men haue said.
Where shee is exalted more for
being good,
Then for her interest, of mo-
ther-hood.
Vp to those Patriatckes, which
did longer sit
Expecting Christ, then'they
haue enioy'd him yet.

Vp

Vp to those Prophets, which
now gladly see
Their Prophecies growen to be
Historee.

Vp to th' Apostles, who did
brauely runne,
All the Suns course, with more
light then the Sunne.

Vp to those Martyrs, who did
calmely bleed
Oyle to th' Apostles lamps, dew
to their seed.

Vp to those Virgins, who
thoughts that almost
They made ioyntenants with
the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his Tem-
ple giue.

Vp, vp, for in that Squadron
there doth liue
Shee, who hath carried thether,
new degrees

(As

(As to their number) to their
dignities.

Shee, who beeing to herselfe, a
state enioyd

All royalties which any state
employd,

For shee made wars, and tri-
umph'd, reason still

Did not ouerthrow, but rectifie
her will :

And shee made peace, for no
peace is like this,

That beauty and chastity toge-
ther kisse :

Shee did high iustice; for shee
crucified

Every first motion of rebellious
pride :

And shee gaue pardons, and was
liberall,

For, onely her selfe except, shee
pardond all :

Shee

Shee coynd, in this, that her im-
pressions gaue

To all our actions all the worth
they haue:

Shee gaue protections; the
thoughts of her brest

Satans rude Officers could nere
arrest.

As these prerogatiues being met
in one,

Made her a soueraigne state, re-
ligion

Made her a Church; and these
two made her all.

Shee who was all this All, and
could not fall

To worse; by company; (for she
was still

More Antidote, then all the
world was ill,

Shee, shee doth leaue it, and by
Death, suruiue

All

*Of essentiall
ioy in this
life and in
the next.*

All this, in Heauen; whether
who doth not strue
The more, because shee's there,
he doth not know
That accidentall ioyes in Hea-
uen doe grow.

But pause, My soule, and study
ere thou fall

On accidentall ioyes, th'essenti-
all.

Still before Accessories doe
abide

A triall, must the principall be
tride.

And what essentiall ioy canst
thou expect

Here vpon earth ? what perma-
nent effect

Of transitory causes ? Dost thou
loue

Beauty ? (And Beauty worthy't
is to moue)

Poore

Poore coue'ned cose'nor, that
she, and that thou,
Which did begin to loue, are
neither now.

You are both fluid, chang'd
since yesterday;
Next day repaires, (but ill) last
dayes decay.

Nor are, (Although the riuer
keepe the name)
Yesterdaies waters, and to daies
the same.

So flowes her face, & thine eies,
neither now

That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which
your louing row

Concernd, remaines, but whil'st
you thinke you bee

Constant, you're houely in in-
constancee.

Honour may haue pretence vn-
to our loue,

Be-

Because that God did liue so
long aboute
Without this Honour, and then
lou'd it so,
That he at last made Creatures
to bestow
Honour on him; not that he needed it,
But that, to his hands, man might
grow more fit.
But since all honours from inferiours flow,
(For they doe giue it; Princes
doe but show
Whom they would haue so honored) and that this
On such opinions, and capacities
Is built, as rise, and fall, to more
and lesse,
Alas, tis but a casuall happinesse.

Hath

Hath euer any man to'himselfe
assigned
This or that happinesse, to'arrest
his minde,
But that another man, which
takes a worse,
Thinke him a foole for hauing
tane that course ?
They who did labour Babels
tower to erect,
Might haue considered, that for
that effect,
All this whole solid Earth could
not allow
Nor furnish forth Materials
enow ;
And that his Center, to raise
such a place
Was farre too little, to haue
beene the Base ;
No more affoords this worlds,
foundatione

To

To cree true ioye, were all the
meanes in one.

But as the Heathen made them
seuerall gods,
Of all Gods Benefits, and all his
Rods,

(For as the Wine, and Corne,
and Onions are
Gods vnto them, so Agues bee,
and warre)

And as by changing that whole
precious Gold

To such small copper coynes,
they lost the old,

And lost their onely God, who
euer must

Be sought alone, and not in such
a thrust,

So much mankind true happi-
nesse mistakes;

No Ioye enioyes that man, that
many makes.

Then,

Then, soule, to thy first pitch
worke vpon againe;
Know that all lines which cir-
cles doe containe,
For once that they the Center
touch, doetouch
Twice the circumference; and
be thou such.
Double on heauen, thy thoughts
on earth emploid;
All will not serue; Onely who
haue enioyd
The sight of God, in fulnesse,
can thinke it;
For it is both the obiekt, and the
wit.
This is essentiall ioye, where nei-
ther hee
Can suffer Diminution, nor
wee;
Tis such a full, and such a filling
good;

H

Had

Of the Progresse of the Soule :

Had th' Angels once look'd on
him, they had stood.
To fill the place of one of them,
or more,
Shee whom we celebrate, is
gone before.
Shee, who had Here so much
essentiall ioy.
As no chance could distract,
much lesse destroy;
Who with Gods presence was
acquainted so,
(Hearing, and speaking to him)
as to know
His face, in any naturall Stone,
or Tree,
Better then when in Images they
bee :
Who kept by diligent deu-
otion,
Gods Image, in such repara-
tion,

Within

Within her heart, that what decay was growen,
Was her first Parents fault, and not her own:
Who being solicited to any Act,
Still heard God pleading his safe precontract;
Who by a faithfull confidence, was here
Betrothed to God, and now is married there,
Whose twilights were more cleare, then our mid-day,
Who dreamt deuoutlier, then most vse to pray;
Who being here fild with grace, yet stroue to bee,
Both where more grace, & more capacitee
At once is giuen: she to Heauen is gone,

Of accidentall ioyes in both places.

Who made this world in some
proportion
A heauen, and here, became vn-
to vs all,
Ioye, (as our ioyes admit) essen-
tiall.
But could this low world ioyes
effentiall touch,
Heauens accidentall ioyes would
passe them much.
How poore and lame, must then
our casuall bee ?
If thy Prince will his subjects to
call thee
My Lord, and this doe swell
thee, thou art than,
By being a greater, growen to
be lesse Man,
When no Physician of Reders
can speake,
A ioyfull casuall violence may
breake

A

A dangerous Apostem in thy
breſt;

And whilst thou ioyest in this,
the dangerous rest,

The bag may rise vp, and so
strangle thee.

What eye was casuall, may euer
bee.

What should the Nature
change? Or make the same
Certaine, which was but casuall,
when it came?

All casuall ioye doth loud and
plainly say,

Onely by comming, that it can
away.

Onely in Heauen ioies strength
is neuer spent;

And accidentall things are per-
manent.

Ioy of a soules arriual neere de-
caies;

For that soule euer ioyes & euer
staies.

Ioy that their last great Con-
summation

Approches in the resur-
rection ;

When earthly bodies more cele-
stiall

Shalbe, then Angels were, for
they could fall ;

This kind of ioy doth euery day
admit

Degrees of growth, but none of
loosing it.

In this fresh ioy, tis no small part,
that shee,

Shee, in whose goodnesse, he
that names degree,

Doth iniure her ; (Tis losse to be
cald best,

There where the stuffe is not
such as the rest)

Shee,

Shee, who left such a body, as
euer shee
Onely in Heauen could learne,
how it can bee
Made better; for shee rather was
two soules,
Or like to full, on both sides
written Rols,
Where eies might read vpon the
outward skin,
As strong Records for God, as
mindes within,
Shee, who by making full per-
fection grow,
Peeces a Circle, and still keepes
it so,
Long'd for, and longing for it, to
heauen is gon,
Where shee receiues, and giues
addition.
Here in a place, where mis-deuo-
tion frames

conclusion.

A thousand praiers to Saints,
whose very names
The ancient Church knew not,
Heauen knowes not yet,
And where, what lawes of Poe-
try admit,
Lawes of Religion, haue at least
the same,
Immortall Maid, I might in-
roque thy name.
Could any Saint prouoke that
appetite,
Thou here shouldst make mee a
french conuertite.
But thou wouldst not; nor
wouldst thou be content,
To take this, for my second
yeeres true Rent,
Did this Coine beare any other
stampe, then his,
That gaue thee power to doe
me, to say this.

Since

Since his will is, that to posteritee,
Thou shouldest for life, & death,
a patterne bee,
And that the world should notice haue of this,
The purpose, and th^e Authority
is his;
Thou art the Proclamation; and
I am
The Trumpet, at whose voice
the people came.

FINIS.